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[WHOLE NO. 1013

## Poetry.

### Never say Fail.

Keep pushing—the wiser  
This sliding, side  
And dreaming and sighing,  
And waiting the tide;  
In life's earnest battle  
They only prevail  
Who daily march onward,  
And never say fail.  
With one eye ever open,  
A tongue that's not dumb,  
And a heart that will never  
To sorrow succumb;  
You'll battle and conquer,  
Though thousands assail;  
How sound and how mighty  
Who never say fail.  
Ahead then—keep pushing,  
And elbow your way,  
Unbending the envious,  
All asses that bray;  
All obstacles vanish,  
All enemies quit,  
In the might of your wisdom,  
Who never say fail.  
In life's rose morning,  
In manhood's fair pride,  
Let this be your motto  
Your footstep to guide;  
In storm and in sunshine,  
Whatever assail,  
We'll onward and conquer,  
And never say fail!

A Fine Summer Shower is a "consummation  
heavily" to be wished. The following is about  
cooling a sultriness we can propose:  
O, the rain, the rain, the drizzling rain,  
Dropping and pattering, lazily scattering  
Over the window-pane;  
Falling so dreamily, gloomily, wearily,  
Ever incessantly,  
Summer rain!

O, the rain, the rain, the driving rain,  
Raging and dashing, madly lashing  
The stormy window-pane;  
Pouring so steadily, raging so heavily,  
Raging, raging, raging,  
Unintermittently,  
Autumn rain!

O, the rain, the rain, the cutting rain,  
Frozen and sleeting, spitefully beating  
The noisy window-pane,  
Driving so homely, plying so positively,  
Cutting, cutting, cutting,  
Never so painfully,  
Winter rain!

## Popular Tales.

### "A PATCH ON THE KNEE AND GLOVES ON."

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

PART I.

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1856.  
Dear Aunt Mary.—You need not urge me  
so earnestly to remember my promise to  
write often to you, for I have only been  
waiting to get fairly established in my aunt  
Augusta's household, so as to test my first  
impressions before giving them to you.—  
You ask how I like life in the city! Life  
in the city, as it might be with such facilities  
for intellectual culture and gratification  
as appear on every hand, should be delig-  
tful; but fashionably city life—at least the  
poverty-stricken phase of it that I behold  
—is, of all earthly existence, the most un-  
bearable.

It seems that we are general people, live  
on a fashionable street, and in genteel style.  
I seem to see you open your eyes and ask  
how it is possible to do this with the limited  
income of my aunt. That it is not impos-  
sible you will acknowledge before you have  
finished this letter.

It was on a dismal wet evening that I  
arrived here, not very cold for the last of  
November, but one of those drizzling,  
shivering days that make us appreciate the  
bright glow of a good fire. I had traveled  
two days and nights without stopping to  
rest, only catching an occasional cat-nap  
when overcome with fatigue; and when I  
bade farewell to the car, and entered the  
carriage which was to convey me to my  
aunt's house, I was childish enough to weep  
for joy in anticipation of the warm welcome  
that awaited me. I forgot the coldly civil  
letter that gave me permission to obey my  
father's dying wish, that, if unmarried, I  
should spend my eighteenth year under her  
care, and also the hope that she had  
expressed, that I would, for her daughters'  
sake, conceal the fact of my being an heiress;  
I only remember that she was a dear sister  
to my father, as you, aunt, were to my  
mother, and my heart throbbled with delight  
as I impatiently waited to be folded to her  
heart.

But of all evenings in the year I had  
arrived on one sacred to the interests of a  
fashionable party, and both my aunt and  
cousins being dressed to go out, you see  
at once that any thing like a cordial, hearty  
cheering hug was out of the question. One  
glance assured me that it would be an im-  
possible achievement.

"I am glad to see you, Margaret," said  
my aunt, reaching the tips of her gloved  
fingers to me, over an amplitude of skirt  
that reminded me of those enormous pump-  
kins that decorate our store-room at home,  
whose stems they all seemed striving to  
represent by a display of the smallest  
waists I ever saw.

"I am glad to see you, Margaret," repeat-  
ed both cousins in exactly the same tone  
and careless, languid manner of my aunt.  
"We did not expect you till to-morrow,"  
pursued my aunt; "you must have traveled  
very rapidly. I am sorry that we have an  
engagement this evening, but as you are to  
stay with us it will make little difference.  
You will excuse us."

"You will excuse us," repeated the two  
cousins, to which I replied in my most ac-  
commodating manner, "I shall be very  
happy to do so."

"Hannah will make you comfortable.—  
There is the bell-cord when you wish to  
summon her. Come, my dears, the carriage  
is waiting."

Then I took a long breath and surveyed  
the apartment. It was handsomely furni-  
shed—the mantles, tables, niches, and corner-  
cabinets, each displaying their own ap-  
propriate trifles and shining in the gas-  
light. There were several handsome paint-  
ings on the walls, and beneath one of them  
stood a large piano covered with crimson  
cloth. But to me there was an indescrib-  
able, strained, uncomfortable expression  
that seemed to characterize every article  
of furniture, and endow it with a living  
sorrowful identity. I could not help laugh-  
ing at the absurd fancy then, but have not  
yet been able to divest myself of the strange  
impression, or to turn a blind eye to the  
dumb remonstrance of the immovable chairs  
whose helpless rockers seemed doomed to  
point forever toward the Northeast.

Did you know, aunt, that when a fashion-  
able upholsterer places a piece of furniture  
in a particular place, it is sacrilegious to  
remove it to another? It does not matter  
how much your own taste may rebel against  
the arrangement, or how persistently your  
innate desire for comfort may suggest an  
alteration, your drawing-room must be an  
accurate copy of the fashionable Mrs. Vac-  
uum's or you lose caste in genteel society.—  
Fitness and ease are both tabooed.

I had just completed my survey and was  
wondering whether I too was becoming a  
fixture of the room, when the door opened  
and my cousin Frederick, a lad of twelve  
years, entered with his school books in his  
hand. He started slightly on seeing me,  
but came forward directly, saying, in a  
pleasant, cordial voice, "My cousin Mar-  
garet, I suppose!"

I saw at once that he had not yet out-  
grown the natural openness of boyhood, and  
I wondered if city boys were obliged to go  
through the same refining, or, rather, iron-  
ing process, that their sisters were subject  
to.

"My mother and sisters have just gone  
out," said Frederick, who seemed to think  
that I had just entered the house. "They  
will regret your late arrival, and there be-  
ing no one at home to receive you but my  
self. Have you had tea?"

"Not since the day before yesterday,"  
I replied, boyish laugh made me feel  
quite at home. "I will call Hannah," he  
said. "She will show you to your room and  
make tea for you while you are changing  
your dress."

I had been standing all this time, wrapped  
in my cloak and furs. Hannah came direct-  
ly and soon ushered me into a large cham-  
ber, which she said was to be mine during  
my visit. She has no idea that I come as a  
boarder, or that I am to stay here more  
than a week. My room is one of the best  
furnished of state, and in it, or was, elegantly  
furnished, but its whole aspect gave me the  
same feeling that had been inspired by the  
parlor below. The same confined, implor-  
ing look met me on all sides. I did not  
dare to touch the curtains, or to alter the  
position of the dressing-glass which stood  
inconveniently near the bed; and as for the  
half-hour rest that I had contemplated, I  
gave it up at once, for the bed seemed to  
gape at my lowest mattress and refuse to  
be tumbled. There was no fire in the grate  
and rather than expose myself to the chilly  
temperature of the room, I went down to  
tea in my traveling dress.

No pleasure to remember, dear aunt, that  
I had not enjoyed a regular meal since I  
left, and that I had been saving my appetite  
all day, so as to fully do justice to my first  
supper with my expectant relatives. In  
this connection, also, I recall by recollecting  
to memory the gastronomic exploits of which  
you have seen me capable after a fasting  
washing-day, and you will understand my  
feelings as I surveyed the supper spread for  
me in the dining room. I was a little  
dazzled at first by the delicate china service  
and silver tea-urn, cake basket, and forks  
of the same metal as broad as my garden-  
fork, and I might have spent some time in  
admiring them had it not been for the re-  
membrance of my tantalized stomach.

There were three biscuits on the table  
about the size of a Mexican dollar, and two  
slices of sponge cake, so transparently light  
that I have no doubt that in lieu of  
spectacles I might have read common-sense  
print through them. There was some jelly  
in a cut-glass dish, which had admirably  
preserved the natural acidity of the crab-  
apples of which it was made, and conse-  
quently defied all attempts made to reduce  
its bulk. It might have been an heir-loom  
in the family, being secure in itself from  
all destructive influences.

When I rose from the table I saw that  
Hannah was astonished to find every crumb  
eaten, and I have since learned that it was  
not well-bred to leave nothing on the table  
but dishes.

I have filled my throat already without begin-  
ning to give you all my first evening's ex-  
perience, but I will write again by to-mor-  
row's mail, hoping to get at the same time  
an encouraging line for you. Do not let  
Bessy forget my birds, and see that Blackey  
is properly rubbed down and exercised.—  
How I long for home and its common sense  
delights! Your affectionate  
MAGGIE.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.  
Dear Aunt,—Between you and me I would  
have paid handsomely, at the close of my  
first meal here, for the privilege of exten-  
porizing a few backwater griddle-cakes in  
your back kitchen. I did not return to the  
parlor; I was too sleepy and tired, so I went  
shivering all over, back to my own room.  
I found that, during my short absence, the  
splendid counterpane and embroidered pil-  
low-cases had, as you pleasant maggie, been  
changed for coarser and less defiant ones,  
and that several other mustn't-touchables  
had been removed. The change intensely  
cheered me, and I was contriving various  
ways to give a more home-like aspect to  
the room, not forgetting an eligible place  
for your blue pin-cushion, when Hannah  
came to ask if I wanted any thing.

"Yes, Hannah, I should like a good fire.  
This room is damp and chilly."

"Misses do not allow fires in the sleep-  
ing-rooms. She says it is unhealthy."

"But I have been traveling all day and I  
am cold."

"You had better go down to the parlor,  
then."

Hannah's manner was obliging, but she  
was evidently afraid to break any rule of  
the house.

"What is that stove here for?" I asked.

"Can't say. Never saw a fire in it. Will  
you please to go down to the parlor!"  
"No, but I will come down to the kitchen  
if you will let me."

"I am afraid, Miss, that the kitchen fire  
is out. Mistress is very particular, and  
likes to have the kitchen shut up early."  
"Never mind. If the fire is out we'll  
build another. I know how to make a fire.  
Come, Hannah, I belong in the country,  
where folks believe in being cozy and com-  
fortable. My going shivering to bed is out  
of the question. I am going to warm my  
feet and have a dish of hot ginger tea with  
toasted bread in it. It is nice, Hannah,  
and you shall have some if you will help  
me make it."

Hannah's mouth fairly watered, in spite  
of her eyes dilating with astonishment and  
fear, but she only said, "I'm afraid mistress  
won't like it."

"Like it!" I repeated. "Suppose she  
doesn't. How, Hannah, you are not so foolish  
as to believe that I am going to bed in my  
own aunt's house, after a long journey, both  
cold and hungry. You see it is n't reason-  
able."

"But my mistress is so particular," still  
urged poor Hannah. "I might lose my place."

"Well, then," said I, a little moved by  
her deprecatory looks and words, "you keep  
quiet. Risk nothing, endanger nothing.—  
That is your proverb. Mine is, 'nothing  
ventures, nothing gains.' I have no place to  
lose; but if I had forty I'd have my  
ginger tea first."

In a few minutes I had a roaring fire, and  
the little tea-kettle was singing as merry a  
song as could be desired, I humming in con-  
cert with it. It really refreshed me to  
bustle about among the dishes of the pantry  
in my old free manner.

"Now for the ginger." I was talking to  
myself now. "Sugar. Here it is. Cream.  
O, I forgot that city cows do not give cream!  
Milk, then."

Hannah caught my arm, looking positive-  
ly frightened. "Do n't, Miss; please  
don't."

It was too late. I had poured it all into  
my bowl, and a scanty portion it was.  
"It was saved for the breakfast coffee,"  
whispered Hannah disconsolately; "O me!  
O me! what shall I do?"

"Do! Why, buy more. The milkman  
comes in the morning, does he not?"  
"O yes! But we only engage a particu-  
lar quantity. Mistress will!"

"Just taste, Hannah; it is good enough  
for a queen. Where is your bread?"  
"There is only enough for breakfast."  
"Poh! said I, beginning to quote  
Scripture rather irreverently. "Take no  
thought for the morrow. You're a second  
Marta, careful and troubled about many  
things." I wonder if cousin Fred likes  
ginger tea. Suppose you ask him, Hannah,  
while I toast this bread. Tell him we have  
a plenty."

"I should n't dare to. Why, mistress  
will!"

"Here he comes," I interrupted her; "I  
hear his step on the stairs."

Hannah again caught my arm, and this  
time clung to me desperately. "Don't open  
the door, please. He'll be sure to tell  
mistress."

"Well, let him. I hope I ain't stealing.  
There is no body at home to see my com-  
fort, and so I see to myself. Where is the  
sin, I should like to know!"

Fred went on and Hannah became more  
composed. I think she began to calculate  
how much of her own pocket money it  
would take to replenish the pantry. "If  
you were visiting me, Miss," she said at  
last, finishing, as she spoke, a tumbler of  
the refreshing beverage which I had gen-  
erously handed to her, "I'm sure you'd be  
welcome to the best, but my mistress cal-  
culates so near the mark that she leaves no  
room for extras."

"Indeed! Well, Hannah, I wasn't  
brought up on moonshine, and I can't live  
on it."

"How long will you stay here?"  
"A year."

"Bless me! Then I'm afraid you'll have  
to get used to our ways."

"Perhaps. But as there is no grace for  
borrowed trouble, and I am once more toler-  
ably comfortable, I will go to bed."

As I closed the door I looked round and  
saw Hannah swallow the drops of my gin-  
ger tea and then spread her hands com-  
placently over the warm stove. "Ah!" said  
I, with a pleasant appreciation of self, "I  
have comforted a fellow creature as well as  
myself. I have been doing good unawares."

Hoping that you, too, will believe in my  
benevolence, and promising to write again  
as soon as I hear from you, I remain your  
own

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Husbands' Mistakes.

We make a great mistake in our treat-  
ment of our wives; as lovers we are worship-  
ful, as husbands we are too often harsh to  
them. We run into extremes each way.  
But why, after paying a woman the highest  
compliment we can, as we are, when she has  
accepted it, to consider her exempt from  
the attentions due to her sex, as we would  
never understand. Is it that "familiarity  
breeds contempt"? In that case she also  
should lose her former exalted opinion of  
us. Politeness, by its silent fetters, re-  
strains many an evil feeling; it is a bad  
plan to throw them off entirely. We need  
not be as ceremonious as it with utter  
strangers, but we had better keep up our  
good manners; it pleases the wife, and does  
no harm. Last year we would not have  
sworn at her playing on the piano, nor told  
her, "she did not know what she was talk-  
ing about," why should we do it now? At  
least, let us "school ourselves before folks";  
there is no occasion to mortify her foolish-  
ness; women will better bear downright ill-  
usage than this kind of lowering treatment.  
Let a man respect his wife, treat her like a  
lady, and she will most commonly act up  
to his standard. The woman who is con-  
stantly put down, becomes incapable of act-  
ing for herself on an emergency; she has  
no confidence in her own judgment; she  
distracts you by her irresolutions, or oc-  
casionally obstinately adheres to some ill-  
advised line of conduct, because your con-  
tinual opinionative contradictions "ave  
ceased to have any weight with her. Once  
she learns to say, "Oh, when I propose

anything, my husband will go the contrary  
way," there is an end to your domestic  
comfort.—New Monthly.

One Good Day's Work.  
"I've done one good day's work, if I never  
do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his  
hands together briskly, and with the air  
of a man who felt very much pleased with  
himself.

"And so have I." Mrs. Barlow's voice  
was in a much lower tone, and less exultant;  
yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.  
"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow.  
In the confident manner of one who knows  
that victory will be on his side, "and see  
which has done the best day's work."

"You, of course," returned the gentle-  
hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your  
day's doings precede mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give  
the first experience."

"Very well." And, full of his subject,  
Mr. Barlow began. "You remember the  
debt of Warfield, about which I spoke a  
few months ago?"

"Yes."

"I considered it desperate—would have  
sold out my interest at thirty cents on the  
dollar when I left home this morning."

"Now the whole claim is secure. I had  
to scheme a little. It was sharp practice.  
But the thing is done. I don't believe that  
another creditor of Warfield's will get a  
third of his claim."

"The next operation," continued Mr.  
Barlow, "I consider about as good. About  
a year ago I took fifty acres of land in  
Brie county for debt, at a valuation of five  
dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten.—  
I don't think the man knew just what he  
was buying. He called to see about it, and  
I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture,  
when he promptly laid down one hundred  
dollars to bind the bargain. If I never see  
him again I am all right. That is trans-  
action number two. Number three is as  
pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods,  
almost a year out of date, to a young  
country merchant for cash. He thinks he  
has a bargain; and perhaps he has, but I  
would have let them go at any time, during  
the past six months at a loss of thirty per  
cent, and thought the sale a desirable one.  
Now, there's my day's work, Jenny, and it  
is one to be proud of. I take some credit  
to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty  
bright sort of a man, and bound to go  
through. Let us have your story, now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly.  
Her husband waited for a few moments,  
and then said:

"Let us hear of the piles of stitching and  
the piles of good things made."

"No, nothing of that," said Mrs. Barlow,  
with a slight veil of feeling covering her  
pleasant voice. "I'm another day's work  
of a good day's work. And now, as my doings  
will bear no comparison to yours, I think  
of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said  
Mr. Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal  
virtue. So let your story be told. You  
have done a good day's work in your esti-  
mation, for you said so. Go on; I am all  
attention."

Mrs. Barlow hesitated. But after a  
little more urging she began her story of a  
good day's work. Her voice was a little  
subdued, and there was an evident shrinking  
from the subject about which she felt con-  
strained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after  
passing some hours of self-examination and  
self-upbraiding, that I would, for one day,  
try to possess my soul in patience. And  
this day has been the trial day. Shall I  
go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid,  
half-bashful air at her husband. She did  
not meet his eyes, for he had turned them  
partly away.

"Yes, dear Jenny, go on."

The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone.  
In its place was something tender and pen-  
sive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this  
morning, as you will remember. He seemed  
perverse, I thought—cross, as we call it.  
I was tempted to speak harshly two or  
three times; but, remembering my good  
resolution, I put on the armor of patience,  
and never let him hear a tone. Dear little  
fellow! When I went to wash him, after  
breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears  
a small inflamed boil. It has made him mis-  
treat feverish and worrisome all day. Oh,  
wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my  
spirit."

"After you went away to the store, Mary  
got into one of her perverse humors. She  
didn't want to go to school, to begin with,  
then she couldn't find her slate; and then  
her shoes pinched her. First very much  
annoyed; but recalled my good resolution.  
I met her irritation with calmness; my wil-  
fulness with gentle rebuke; and so I con-  
quered. She kissed me and started for  
school with a cheerful countenance, her  
slate in her satchel, and her pinching shoes  
unheeded. And so I had the reward."

"But my trials were not over. Some  
extra washing was needed. So I called  
Ellen, and told her that Mary would require  
a frock and two pairs of drawers to be wash-  
ed out, the baby some slaps and you some  
pocket handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal  
leaped from the girl's quick tongue, indig-  
nant words to me. Patience! Patience!  
whispered a small still voice. I stifled,  
with an effort, my feelings restrained my  
speech, and controlled my countenance.—  
Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I  
look into Ellen's face, until she dropped her  
eyes to the floor in confusion. 'You  
must have forgotten yourself,' said I, with  
some dignity of manner, yet without sign  
of irritation. She was humbled at once,  
confessed the wrong, and begged my par-  
don. I forgave her, after reproval, and she  
went back to the kitchen something wiser.  
I think, then, when I summoned her, 'The  
working frequency has been done, and well  
done, and the girl has seemed all day as if  
she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness  
and service, for that hasty speech! If I  
mistake not, we were both improved by  
the discipline through which we passed.'

"Other trials I have had through the day.  
Some of them quite as severe as the few  
that I have mentioned; but the armor of  
patience was whole when the sun went  
down; I was able to possess my soul in

peace, and the conquest of self has made  
me happier. 'This is my good day's work.'  
It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look or speak, as the  
voice of his wife grew silent. She waited  
almost a minute for his response. Then he  
bent forward suddenly and kissed her, say-  
ing as he did so:

"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine  
success, yours conquest—mine easy toil,  
yours heroic! Jenny, dear, since you  
have been talking, I have thought thus:  
My good work has sailed my garments,  
while yours are without stains, and white  
as angel's robes. Loving monitor! may  
your lessons of to-night make me a better  
man. Your good day's work gives a  
two-fold blessing!"

One of Life's Lessons.  
About fifteen years ago, a young man full  
of vigor, who had previously been a jour-  
neyman carpenter, commenced business in  
this city on his own account, in the second  
story of an old building, on Vine, below  
Third street. At that time steam was not  
used to any considerable extent in manu-  
facturing buildings materials. Young men,  
therefore, found it less difficult to work  
themselves into business than in these days,  
when the inventive genius of the country  
has applied steam successfully in almost  
every department of this branch of industry.

The subject of this notice did a very small  
business, at first scarcely enough to keep  
himself employed; but being a good work-  
man, with steady and industrious habits, he  
grew in favor with those who patronized  
him, and his business increased steadily.—  
Toward the close of the first year he found  
it necessary to employ several journeymen,  
and in three or four years thereafter, he  
ranked as first-class master builder, and for  
several years maintained this position. A  
number of edifices which now adorn the  
city and country, stand as monuments to  
his efficiency and taste as a mechanic.—  
Among these the Woodward High School  
and Oxford Female Seminary are promi-  
nent. But he did not bear prosperity well.  
He was tempted to forsake his steady habi-  
ts. He yielded slightly at first, just as  
every man yields when he steps aside into  
the path that leads to destruction. He took  
a glass occasionally with a friend. No harm  
in that, he thought. But he progressed in  
the evil way. Every day he found his  
friends, with whom he wished to drink, in-  
creasing in number, until he finally became  
a regular customer of the dram shops.—  
But he was not a drunkard—not he.—  
His friends remonstrated with him, and  
warned him of the consequences, but he  
had no idea that he could be overcome with  
liquor. He exercised complete control, as  
he supposed, over his passions, and he  
could maintain a position on the right side  
of the line that separates temperate drink-  
ers from drunkards. But he over-estimated  
his moral strength, in this respect, as most  
people do. He soon crossed the line on  
the drunkard's side. Then he became the  
slave to his passions, and he gradually de-  
scended from one degree to another, in the  
scale of degradation. He now lost the con-  
fidence of the public. His property, of  
which he had accumulated a considerable  
amount, began to disappear. His family,  
too, suffered. The man who at one time  
was a kind and faithful husband, and an affec-  
tionate father, became a tyrant in the house-  
hold. The wife and children, who once  
listened with patience for his returning  
footsteps, and made haste to greet him, as  
he gathered round the happy fireside, now  
trembled when he entered the house, and  
hid themselves from his presence. A year  
or two ago death reduced the family circle,  
which the demon of intemperance had pre-  
viously broken. One or two of the little  
ones were carried to the grave, and subse-  
quently, the remains of the broken-hearted  
wife were placed by the side of the de-  
parted children. And what became of the  
unfortunate husband? Did the ravages of death  
bring him to his senses? Did the loss of his  
home to his mad career? No! On-  
ward he pressed; every day sinking lower  
and lower, under the influence of his un-  
controllable passion, until at length his re-  
solute gave way, and on Friday last, as al-  
ready mentioned in this column, DANIEL LEVY  
was, by order of the Probate Court, com-  
mitted to the Hamilton County Lunatic  
Asylum.

Here is a solemn warning for young men,  
who imagine that they can drink habitually,  
without running the risk of becoming com-  
plete drunkards. Let it be heeded.—  
Cincinnati Gazette.

Missouri.  
The publication of a private letter of one  
of the chief Leocompton wire-workers at St.  
Louis, a certain John Hogan, disclosing the  
plot by which Anderson and Woodgate were  
to be used to "lead off" the Americans in-  
to the Democratic party, with all the particu-  
lars of the proposed treachery, has as-  
tonished all parties, and will aid in the com-  
plete discomfiture of the Leocomptons.—  
Anderson, Woodson and Barret were to be  
elected by this nice scheme of a free trading  
American leader and his Administration  
confederates, and its timely exposure is like  
the bursting of a bombshell in their camp.  
The Americans who were thus to be trea-  
chered off were very vigilant at the treach-  
ery thus proved upon their leaders, and  
sought to fulfill the perfidious bargain made  
for them.

The Democrat shows the following ad-  
ditional light on the means resorted to by  
the Buchananites, to carry the election in St.  
Louis:

A National Democrat, in the presence  
of a third person, applied to Thomas B.  
Hudson, Esq., and requested him to contrib-  
ute toward raising a fund of three thousand  
dollars, to give to certain individuals in the  
First and Second wards, if those words were  
for Barret. Mr. H. immediately replied  
that the proposition was an infamous one;  
that he desired to beat Mr. Blair as much  
as any member of the party, but he would  
never stoop to such criminal courses to  
effect it. This is that the citizens of St.  
Louis are to be bought; and sold by the Na-  
tional Democrats, and all in order to defeat  
Mr. Blair. If our German friends, there-  
fore, shall see parties in the First and  
Second wards lavish in their expenditure  
to get votes for Barret, they will know  
where the money comes from.

## A Speech from Gov. Chase.

The Republican City Convention of  
Boston, after choosing delegates to the  
State Convention on Monday night, ad-  
journing to the Revere House, where Gov.  
Chase of Ohio is staying. He was brought  
out on a balcony, and was received with  
loud cheers. Upon being introduced to  
the gathering in the street, he spoke as  
follows. We borrow the report of *The  
Boston Courier*:

FELLOW CITIZENS: You take me entirely  
by surprise. It is impossible for me to ex-  
press the feelings which agitate my bosom  
when received in so kind a manner as I  
have been to day by the citizens of Boston.  
I came to your city a few days ago upon a  
visit to my own native "Commonwealth" of  
New-Hampshire, but you have made me feel,  
by your kindness, as if I were not a stranger,  
but a brother. My ancestors were among  
those who shared the early trials of this  
Commonwealth, and I trust I carry with  
me the faith of the fathers of New Eng-  
land in those great principles of civil and  
religious liberty which have distinguished  
your Commonwealth in its glorious pros-  
perity. I have become a citizen of a State  
which was then a Western State, but has  
now, by the progress of population and the  
wonderful expansion of our glorious Repub-  
lic, become not a Western State, hardly a  
central State, but almost an Eastern State.  
—twin sister of Massachusetts, and still  
the Empire State of the valley of the Mis-  
sissippi. [Applause.]

Some years ago, many years ago, more  
years ago than I should like to tell if there  
were any ladies present. [Laughter.] I was  
riding along the banks of the Ohio with  
that illustrious citizen of Massachusetts  
whose remains now repose upon the shore  
of Marshfield, and he said to me, contrast-  
ing the appearance of one shore with the  
other, the great progress of Ohio with the  
slow progress of Kentucky: "My young  
friend, do you know what has made all this  
difference? It is the Ordinance." That  
has done it—the Ordinance—which, in his  
own glorious language, impressed upon the  
soil of Ohio an incapacity to bear up any  
other than free men. It was that Ordinance  
which did it. And whence came that  
Ordinance? Why, fellow-citizens, it  
came from Massachusetts! That Ordinance  
came from a Beverly man; it was  
the work of Nathaniel Dane. It was, there-  
fore, Massachusetts wisdom and Massa-  
chusetts patriotism, which, God be thanked,  
reaching forward into the future, impressed  
upon the soil of Ohio that glorious in-  
capacity.